

THE WAY TO LIVE AND THE WAY TO DIE

When you have a trifling ache or pain, do you go around grumbling about it and bidding for sympathy? When you are slightly ill do you make those around you uncomfortable by exaggerating it and imagining you are going to die?

Then listen to this:

The other day there passed away near Los Angeles, one of nature's noblemen. For years Charles D. Willard had been a busy, useful leader in progressive activities in California. A writer and a publicist, he battled bravely for the public welfare.

Four years ago tuberculosis caught him. Toward the last he was so enfeebled that he could not leave his room. But on what was soon to prove his death bed he sent to friends a Christmas greeting in which he said:

It is my good fortune to have almost the only profession in which a man can earn a fair living and be sick-a-bed at the same time. I have a comfortable home in beautiful surroundings, and I lack for nothing that could help toward my recovery. How many of the hundreds of thousands who are afflicted with this disease are so fortunate? But after all, who are they in this world that really deserve pity? The unlucky? No. The sick? No. The poor? No. Who then? The unhappy—they and they only. And I am not unhappy. On the contrary, but for my knowledge that those who are dear to me are often troubled with fears on my account, I could truthfully say that this is the happiest period of my life. * * * I have discovered that four years of illness coming to me who has led a life of considerable activity has one surprising form of compensation—it gives him a chance to think. There is so much to think about in this big and wonderful world that it is a pity we can so seldom take a good crack at it.

Now, isn't that the message of a knightly soul which shames our petty complainings?

No murmuring, no bitterness but, to the last, a man's joyful interest in this "big and wonderful world," and, at the end, a smiling "Good-bye!"

What a beautiful exit as the curtain fell!

OUR DEBT TO THE HUMBLE SNOW FLAKE

We hope you have a microscope in your home or some kind of a magnifier that will enable you to take a peek now and then at certain interesting things which ordinarily you don't see or understand, because they're so very tiny.

A flake of snow, for instance. As it lies begrimed by the city's filth, discolored and polluted by the poisons which fill the city's atmosphere, it isn't attractive, to be sure; and small wonder that you turn up your coat collar to the winter's chill and hasten on, unmindful of this little miracle.

But take a magnifying glass and hold it over a clean, new flake—then tell us if you ever imagined it could

be so beautiful.

The most intricate designs of earth's most famous architects can't compare with the amazing delicacy of treatment with which the Master Artist has constructed these shimmering frost crystals. Human skill seems crude beside this little masterpiece of nature.

Think, too, of its usefulness to man—how it cleanses the air which he must breathe and fertilizes the soil upon which he must rely for the food that keeps him alive and strong. Also, how, melting in summer upon the mountain tops, it feeds the streams and forests, moistens the clouds and makes possible the continuance of human life.

Are we appreciative enough?